

pp

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly

OUR DUMB Animals

pp

all is bright: Round y er and Child,
at the sight! Glo - r en a - far,
love's pure light Ra - di ho - ly face

Ho - ly heav - en - ly
Heav'n - ly Sav - iour, is
With th Lord, at Thy

peace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.
born, —
birth, —





VOLUME 83 — NO. 12

Animals

DECEMBER, 1950

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MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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At Christmas Time

PLEASE tell us a Christmas story—we begged and pleaded, until finally our Mother led us into that wonderful world where the most impossible can happen. The transition into that world of adventure was not difficult for a child, but when the story was finished, it was much more difficult to return to the realities of our everyday world. But we never forgot the memories of the wonderful days before Christmas and Mother's stories, nor did we realize that the time would come when the trip into the land of stories and adventure would be impossible. We had lost much that was beautiful, while we thought we gained so much worldly knowledge.

Every other Christmas we spent in the country where our summer home was located. It was a small village not far from the ocean, and at Christmas time it was a postcard village, nestled in the hills, caressed by soft snow. The village was dominated by the old red brick church with its proud steeple, straining as if to reach the Heavens.

We remember best the church-bell on Christmas Eve—the little bell which cheerfully called the people to the Christmas service. Even now, we seem to hear the clear tone—the only bell in the entire village—ringing clear and true in the starlight night. The long, bluish shadows of the people walking in the moonlight toward the church blend with the yellow reflections of window lights on the snow, and the only sound one really hears is the bell.

No adventure story—this is reality. In the church the congregation is singing hymns of Joy and Hope and, in the fields, stalks of food for birds and other creatures of the field and forest have been placed by the farmers—for this is Christmas Eve and all living creatures are remembered.

Wonderful stories at Christmas time—yet, even today, they bring a message of Hope. Hope for peace and a better world, born again in that ever wonderful message of—“Peace on Earth—Good Will to Men—A Saviour is born.”

Merry Christmas to all our readers!

E. H. H.



Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of our Societies, with his Dachshund, "Penny," and her playmate, "Gretchen," extends sincere Christmas greetings to all our many friends and supporters.

Ten Year Vigil . . . By Laura D. Pebbles

A PARTIALLY wild dog keeps a lonely vigil on the ore-docks at Conneaut, Ohio. He has been waiting for ten years. A legend based on the few facts known about "Skippy" and more on the talk of dock-workers, has grown to quite a tale. The legend has it that Skippy was the pet of a steward aboard one of the iron ore carriers on Lake Erie. He was a friendly little puppy and the favorite of the crew.

It was ten years ago that the Sweden, the boat on which the steward was employed, docked at Conneaut with a load of iron ore, and the crew was given shore leave. That night, while trying to get back to the boat, the steward lost his footing and fell off the dock into Conneaut Creek and was drowned.

The crew tried to comfort Skippy, but he was heartsick and lonely for the steward. He refused to board the ship without his master, so the Sweden sailed without him.

Even since then, Skippy has kept a

faithful watch. He prowls about the ore piles by day, and finds a warm sleeping spot among them at night. Winter and summer, every kind of weather, Skippy has never left the docks.

A mongrel dog, with the German Police strain predominant, Skippy is black, tan and white. But the white is stained a dullish red where Skippy has prowled about the ore piles and rubbed the metal stain into his coat.

Through his long wait, Skippy has become very morose and is suspicious of everyone except a select few he has chosen to befriend.

The kind-hearted dock workers take up a collection every fall to buy a winter's supply of dog food, which the dock watchman doles out to Skippy over the cold months. Each spring they look forward to seeing Skippy when they return to their work on the docks.

He will be sure to be there, still keeping the lonely vigil for the master who will never return.

Christmas Gifts

By Howard A. Dettmers

These were all gifts for Christmas day
Close to a worn door sill
They were not really costly
And yet, I see them still —
The saucer full of creamy milk,
Bones showing well-cooked meat,
And then, below on the pavement
Kernels of winter wheat.
Was ever a finer banquet
Prepared by Queen or King
Than one which causes happy guests
To purr, tap time, or sing.

Eternal Question

"What means this glory round our feet?"
The Magi mused, "More bright than
morn!"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born."
—Lowell

Creation Celebrates

By F. B. M. Collier

Wise men say at Christmastide
The dumb folk, blessed, with us abide,
Our debt is deep to sturdy mule
To camel, goat, where deserts rule.
To kid and lion, lamb and dove
Centuries through, the birds we love
With kine at home, and beasts afar
Have given aid like steadfast star
To bend men to the plans of God
To carry aid or lighten rod
To point each lesson, etch the good,
Or dying where in Judah stood
The altars figuring Bethlehem's birth.
So Christmas swells with joy and song
As men endeavor all week long
To rival cooks who bake and boil.
They gather fruit from harvest's toil
To toss to pheasant, owl and jay,
To barnyard fowl, and stabled bay,
The sunflower seed, the wheat and hay,
Oatmeal and bran, or luscious fat,
And suet minced, cream for the cat
As well as nuts and raisins, too
Which dumb folk love as well as you.
Sharing Yule with dumb creation
Must last the time of earth's duration.

JUST for a few hours on Christmas Eve
and Christmas Day the stupid, harsh
mechanism of the world runs down, and
we permit ourselves to live according to
untrammelled common sense, the uncon-
querable efficiency of good will.

—Christopher Morley



"Prancer" and "Dancer" live on a large cattle ranch in Texas.

You may see, grazing with sheep and goats and cattle—

Santa's Reindeer in Texas

By Jewell Casey

PERHAPS no animal has been the subject for as many cartoons and illustrations as the reindeer. Especially is this true as the Christmas season draws near.

Reindeer, or caribou as they are more commonly known in this country, are found throughout the northern regions of both the old and new worlds. These animals have long been domesticated in Scandinavia and Lapland. In addition to yielding good milk, they serve as beasts of burden and as a means of transportation.

Reindeer possess remarkable strength and endurance, and it is said a team can easily draw about three hundred pounds, over the frozen snow, at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

The full-grown animal is about four feet high and weighs some four hundred or more pounds. In winter it has a coat of thick felt-like fine hair, with coarser, longer hair growing through, which serves as a "rain coat." Both male and female have antlers which have a tree-top appearance. Another outstanding feature is the fact that the reindeer has a mane on the neck, giving it the appearance of having long whiskers. The

legs of this animal are stout and muscular, and just as the camel is enabled by its broad feet to travel over desert sands, so the reindeer is equipped by nature for traveling over snowfields and quaking bogs.

In its wild state, this member of the deer family wanders about treeless mountains and barren tundras, traveling in great herds from one feeding ground to another. The herd feeds upon grasses, leaves, seaweed and a sort of lichen called reindeer moss, stunted shrubs and other scanty vegetation, thus making them especially valuable to the people of the far north by their ability to feed off the land. When all vegetation is covered by snow and ice, the reindeer uses both antlers and hoofs in removing the covering from its food.

About 1892, one hundred and seventy-two domesticated reindeer were imported from Siberia into Alaska by the United States government. The experiment proved such a success that others were brought in, until now they have increased to more than one million, of which about half are owned by Eskimos.

In view of the above authentic data

concerning this native of the northlands, is it small wonder that reindeer grazing with sheep and goats on a Texas ranch attract much attention? Yet, such a sight is to be seen on a large ranch right in the heart of Texas.

More than a year ago, a Texas rancher purchased three stag reindeer in Alaska and had them flown to their new home in Texas. Buying the reindeer was a rather complicated process, as permission had to be obtained from various Alaskan authorities.

The animals reached their destination in fine shape, and not only have they survived the sweltering heat of a Texas summer, but they have actually thrived. And why not? They have plenty of choice grass and a variety of leaves, as well as other food. They have spring water—almost ice cold even on the hottest days, with which to quench their thirst. Huge live-oaks furnish cooling shade, and sheep, goats, cattle and wild deer keep them from being lonely.

The three reindeer are quite gentle and while they have the run of a large ranch, they are usually found not too far from the house grounds.

"Reginald," A Christmas Dog

By Tom Farley

ONE of the most charming Christmas stories we know is Elizabeth Rhodes Jackson's "Christmas Eve at Reginald's," the tale of a dog that held "open house" for his scores of human friends.

Appearing originally in a book called "Beacon Hill Children" it is one of more than 20 short stories in the volume "A Treasury of Dog Stories" (Rand McNally & Co., \$2.50) which, although published over two years ago is still a best seller among dog lovers.

"Reginald," a small white dog with black spots, liked to trot around the streets of Boston, making friends wherever he went. When his family went walking with him, they were amazed by the number of perfect strangers who came up to greet the dog. Very proper ladies in old fashioned hats stopped to pet him gently and exclaim, "Good morning, doggie. How nice to see you again!" To Reginald, all people looked alike. He was equally devoted to a grimy newsboy, a stern policeman and a dowager in a Paisley shawl.

He befriended a handsome young couple who used to sit in the Esplanade together. After they had a serious quarrel he used to go and console the young man who would rub his ears and appear to be making confidences to him.

Occasionally one of Reginald's friends would drop in for tea. This inspired the family to arrange a party so that Reginald could repay his social debts. Since Christmas Eve was the dog's birthday, that seemed an appropriate time for a party. A printed invitation was tied to his collar with a green-and-red ribbon. His family never knew how many people Reginald had actually "invited" but after several days, the card was so soiled they had to put a fresh one on him.

The policeman was the first to arrive on Christmas Eve with his wife and son, Jimmy. Jimmy was a crippled boy. His mother told the family that Reginald was a great comfort to the boy, cuddling up beside him and making him forget his pain.

A famous Admiral, who was a special friend of Reginald's came. A cook who couldn't come herself sent a cake. Reginald, the perfect host, ran around greeting everyone with a shake of his paw. An old gentleman presented Reginald with a handsome leather collar. On the plate was engraved, "He is not a lost dog. He knows his way home."

The pretty young lady who used to sit in the Esplanade came. When the young man arrived, he explained he had "borrowed" Reginald for the purpose of getting her to the party so that he could explain things. Before they left the young man said to Reginald, "Thanks a lot, old chap, for the Christmas present you gave me." The young lady, very pink in the face, kissed Reginald on the black spot between his ears.

Telephone Jockey

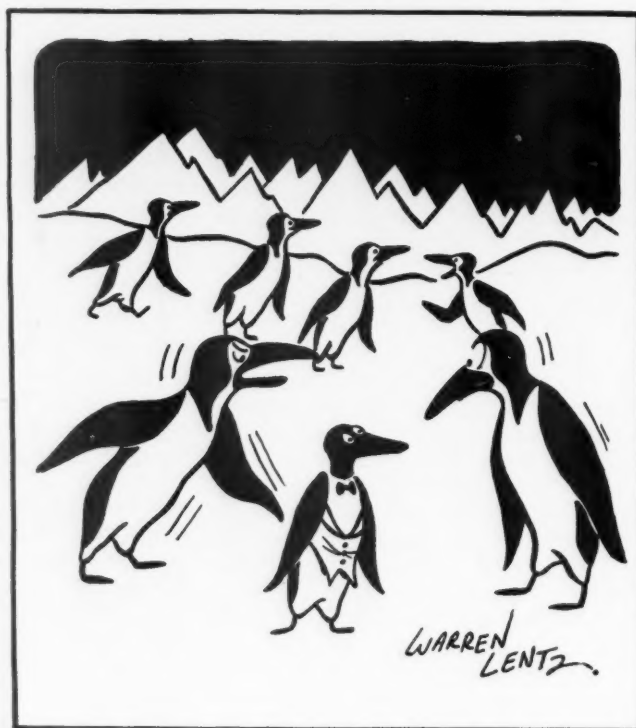
By C. S. McNeil

THE cat who warned his deaf mistress when the telephone rang had his counterpart in our collie who, on his first visit to the country, quickly learned to distinguish between our telephone call and others on the same party line.

Our ring was two "shorts" and a "long," and as soon as the first short had sounded, "Barra" would prick up his ears, listening intently for the second. With the long ring he would race to the nearest member of the family, giving the short, sharp bark which we had come to know meant something needed our attention. If we did not move at once, he would take coat or skirt in his teeth, gently pulling us towards the telephone. All other calls received only a momentary flicker of interest. It seemed all the more remarkable, because most of the year was spent in the city where the telephone rang only once and for us.

One thing confused Barra, however. A little-used call on our line was two shorts, a long, and two shorts. When the first part of the call had been completed, Barra would start rushing for one of us, stopping dead in his tracks on the sound of the third short, a puzzled look on his face. With the fourth, his head and tail would droop and he would drop to the floor, every line of his body expressing shame and humiliation. It always took much petting and many assurances that we, too, had made the same mistake to restore his accustomed poise.

Barra's eagerness to call us to the telephone was actually a great help as we could always ignore the rings and not have to listen intently to see if the calls were for us.



"He wants to run off to New York and become a waiter!"

Merry-Go-Round Mounts In Real Life

By Ida M. Pardue



Children riding on a yak in the Chumbi Valley, Tibet.

D'JEVER ride a reindeer? Or a camel? Or a buffalo?

If you were brought up on a ranch in the far West, you probably learned to stick on the back of a horse almost as soon as you could walk.

But who in Lappland or Siberia or Northwest Mongolia owns a horse? In these places horses are mostly curiosities —

and the cry of "giddap" is made to an animal you may have thought no one ever rode except on a merry-go-round — a reindeer.

It takes plenty of practice to stay on the back of a reindeer — a good trick to learn, because in Lappland and like places the frozen, snowy or marshy ground would stop a horse in nothing flat. The reindeer, however, prances over such terrain as if it were a velvet ribbon, unwinding distance at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

Frozen ground is no problem to the fleet riding camel, the dromedary, either. The dromedary can get over icy trails as well as the sucking sands of the desert. So the camel is a saddle animal, too, giving a swaying, sea-swell ride which often makes a tenderfoot ill. A good dromedary can carry a rider as far as a hundred miles per day.

Chinese Turkistan boys who yearn to be riders do not have to worry about speed. In their land saddles are placed on big, slow-moving yaks. A yak is far from fast. But each foot goes down exactly where it should, picking a safe way over the dangerously narrow, slippery mountain trails connecting Asia's remote villages. The Turkistan government mounts its frontier guards on yaks.

Elephants are ridden in several places — India, Siam and Burma, for example. They, too, are slow. Their value lies in their tremendous bulk and great strength, enabling them to push through thick jungles with little effort.

All of these merry-go-round mounts can pull vehicles as well as carry riders. Lapplanders harness reindeer to sleds. Malaysians employ the zebu to pull carts. Pairs of camels haul odd, double-decker wagons in India. Asia's water buffalo lumber along, dragging carts at the snail's pace of two miles per hour — but they can do this even in thick mud up to their flanks. Over the sketchy, high trails of Tibet, sheep packed with thirty-five to forty-pound loads each make an easy way.

Only to the lilt of a carousel can we — or most of us, ever hope to ride such exotic creatures as camels, reindeer and buffalo. But they are the only saddle animals available in many places — or the only ones which can manage the poor dangerous "roads".

Someone's Best Friend By Glenda L. Walls

PERHAPS it was the lack of spirit, usually found in a dog of his type that first drew attention to the presence of the large black and white Collie who hovered outside Gate Two of the Long Beach Naval Hospital in Long Beach, California. He never seemed to run about and play like other dogs. In fact, he acted, as the saying goes, "as though he had lost his best friend."

Gate Two, where he kept his faithful vigil, is where patients are admitted to the hospital. So, after watching the dog wait around for some months, guards and attendants, believing his owner to be a patient there, tried to trace him. It finally became apparent that the friend for whom the dog waited was not inside, and that he or she was probably dead and could never return to the faithful dog.

A farmer who lived near the hospital tried to make friends with him, but the Collie seemed deathly afraid of any man and would not allow the farmer to come near him. Later, when he

was struck by a car, he still refused help of humane society officers and went to a field to lick and tend his wounds himself. Would-be friends placed food where he could get it when they were gone and helped him to live.

Recently reporters heard of the dog's long search and the Long Beach newspapers ran pictures and stories about him. After reading them, three 'teen-age girls decided to go see the loyal dog. Two and a half hours after they first started to make friends with him, "Prince," as they called him, was won over. Ten times he got into the back seat of the car and backed out. Finally he got in, climbed up on the seat and settled down.

Two of the girls, Billie Laura Tipton and Elene Betts, decided to adopt him and so Prince went home with them.

Today, he is still with them. He learned quickly to know his new friends and home and regained the spirit that is characteristic of any healthy Collie.



"Mr. Poo" Plays Santa

Mr. Poo goes to market.

Mr. Poo stays at Home.



YES, indeed, "Mr. Poo" certainly does play at being Santa Claus, but mostly for himself. Mr. Poo is a French Poodle, as cute and intelligent as they come and he frequently goes shopping with his mistress to see what he can see and, of course, to get whatever he can cajole his mistress, Mrs. Ted Hirsh, of Pacific Palisades, California, into buying for him.

He especially likes to visit the coun-

ter where dog food and toys are displayed and whatever strikes his fancy, he indicates with a great waving of his paws and vociferous barking until he gets the object he has set his heart on.

The pictures, taken by Tamara Andreeva, show two scenes in the life of Mr. Poo. One of them illustrates the fact that the poodle sometimes comes into the shop by himself to get what he needs, or at least, what he thinks

he needs. Within reason, the shopkeeper supplies his wants and sends his mistress the bill.

The other picture shows Mr. Poo with some of the objects he has selected for himself, many of which he has brought home in his own careful jaws. You can see by the glint in his eyes that he's rather proud of his purchases and is fairly begging someone to come help him play with them.

Pigs Is Pigs Is Pets By Art Crockett

THERE is one peculiarity about a pig, and that is if you give him just half an inch he'll be so darn companionable you wouldn't think of treating him as a pig. Some farm folks around the country have found out that there's more to the hog than meets the eye.

Take "Gus," for instance. He was the forlornest looking piglet Mrs. G. Bachtell ever saw. He had ample reason for singing the blues because his no-account mother had abandoned him to the pitfalls of the Arlington, Iowa, farm. Mrs. Bachtell took pity on him and brought him into the house. She gave him some warmed milk from a bottle.

Gus perked up almost immediately. Hours passed into days and he was still a member of the household. The family thought he was cute, so he did nothing to disillusion them. When he learned that his benefactors had certain eccentricities about his remaining on the floor, wiping his feet on a mat and about learning that ominous something called

housebreaking, why, he fell in with their ideas completely.

But unfortunately Gus began to grow and grow and grow. Finally carrying 275 pounds of hog, he was banished to the barnyard. He was annoyed at first, but when he realized he was still welcome to come into the house to listen to the radio or to have his back scratched he reconciled himself to outdoor life. Gus rates high now, along with "Tony," the pet dog, and enjoys the exclusive honor of being the only farm animal that is allowed to enter or leave the house whenever he wishes, provided he watches his manners.

"Barney" was a hog who quickly took the initiative when his owner, Mr. Jack Houghs of Bryant, Indiana, decided the porker would make fine revenue. Then, unexpectedly, Mr. Houghs' small son, Jackie, straddled the pig to see what would happen. It was Barney's cue to act. This was his last hope of living

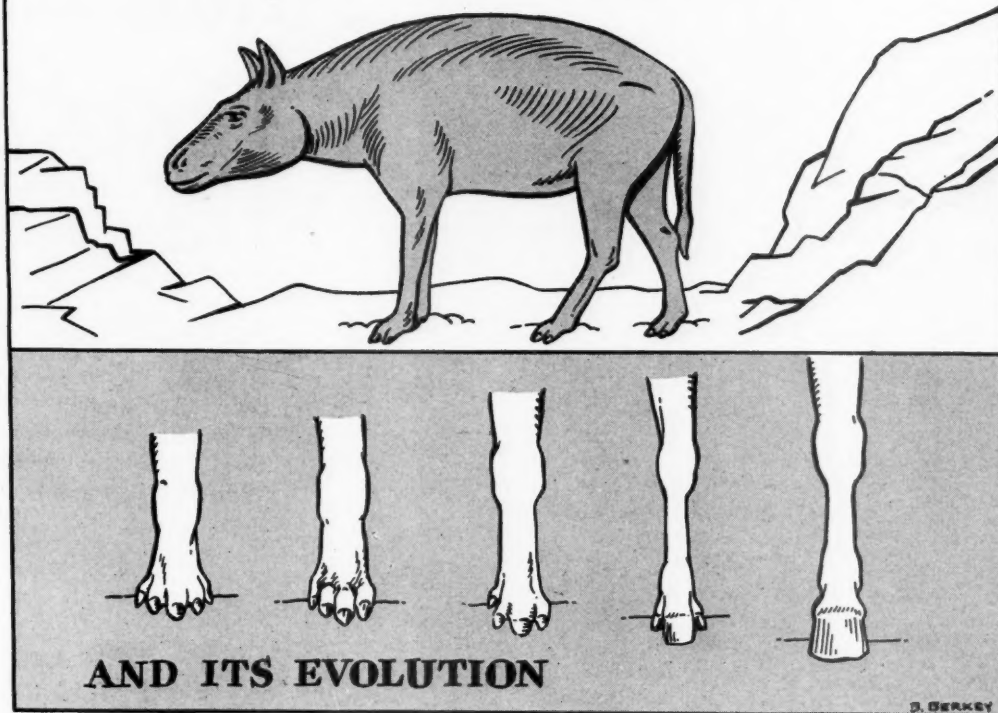
to a ripe old age.

Slowly he trotted around the farm with Jackie screaming delightedly on top. Barney made a little boy happy, and for that his execution was stayed. He's serving life now—a happy life of keeping Jackie happy by riding him "piggy-back."

"Old Doc," of Alabama, is another hog who lends his back to his master for a country ride. Old Doc weighs 800 pounds, so it's an easy task for him to carry S. C. Sharp over his many-acred farm. But the hog's position is precarious, indeed. For Mr. Sharp is still trying to make up his mind as to whether he should sell Old Doc or to keep him as his "horse."

What Mr. Sharp doesn't reckon on, however, is the hog's infallible intuition. It seems that every time his owner gets the selling notion Old Doc plops himself down on his hindquarters and squeals so appealingly that Mr. Sharp has a change of heart.

The Dawn Horse



By Ben Berkey

THREE MILLION years ago, little Eohippus, the dawn horse, roamed the plains with other prehistoric monsters. Geologists who have discovered the petrified bones of the miniature marvel, report that he must have been a creature of uncanny resourcefulness.

He preserved his species long after bigger and more powerful animals than he became extinct.

The companions of his era are now to be found only as fossil remains deeply imbedded in the strata of the earth's surface. It is strange, indeed, that of all the well known prehistoric animals, he alone survived. So far as lineage is concerned, man with his thousands of years of civilization, is still a toddling infant in comparison with the horse.

Little Eohippus first began to walk on his middle toes to achieve his ambition. He was almost twelve inches high, and he skipped over the jagged rocks on front feet with four toes and hind ones with three toes.

He was forever in the act of hiding against the other prehistoric creatures,

for little Eohippus could not defend himself. He was neither predatory nor protected in any way by nature, but how he could run—and run he did, for he found plenty of occasion to practice his gift of sprinting and leaping over rock and crag.

There was a great need for his few precious talents, for the earth was filled with terrible monsters of air, land and water, whose favorite food was Eohippus meat.

The dawn horse discovered, also, that nature had handicapped him by giving him toes instead of hoofs. He found his toes always in the way, hindering him by their excess friction. So he began running upon the single toes of each foot, much in the manner of an ostrich.

This method of self-preservation was so successful that little Eohippus continued at it until he became his own guardian and ally.

The single toes lengthened and strengthened, the single claws developed into horny hoofs, while in time the unused toes weakened and finally disappeared entirely, and remained as the stumpy vestiges which we can see on

the ankles of horses today.

The horse thus became a specialist in speed and endurance. Starting out at birth about the size of a fox, he learned that the longer one's legs, the greater one's speed.

As ages of evolution passed, little Eohippus' legs grew longer and longer. But longer legs demand more power to operate them efficiently, so the dawn horse developed a powerful body and massive shoulders and hip muscles. His neck and head also lengthened in proportion in order that he might bend to feed upon the grass.

The gigantic armored creatures of the dawn existence—the flying reptiles, the mammoth lizards that shook the ground with their mighty tread, seemed much better suited to survive earth's upheaval, than the dawn horse. But these prehistoric monsters were so protected by their size and ferocity that nature discontinued their lives.

Every trace of the prehistoric giants has disappeared from the face of the earth, while little Eohippus, the dawn horse, survives in his descendants that we see today on the city streets and country roads.



Animals in Christmas Legend

By Jennie B. C.

This beautiful representation of the Nativity features the presence of a number of animals in the hallowed stable to which have come the Wise Men to adore Him.

INTO the Christmas story, legends of animals have been introduced through the centuries.

Some of these have no religious significance. All are without authority from the Gospels. Matthew, Mark, and John mention no animals. Luke says the shepherds "left their flocks."

It is doubtless the artists who are most responsible for the portrayal of animals in the Nativity scene. Poets have fostered the fancy. It was such a pleasing notion that for a long time men have let their imaginations play around it, until animals are an established part of our concept of the event.

The earliest animals thus introduced are the ox and the ass. From the sixth century to the sixteenth, there was never any representation of the Nativity without these two. St. Jerome sponsored the tradition, basing it on his interpretation of the prophecy in Isaiah 1:3, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," and a passage in the Vulgate, "He shall lie down between the ox and

the ass." An old Latin Hymn describes these two as warming the newborn Child with their breath. As symbols, the ox is the emblem of the Jews and the ass of the Gentiles.

The vision of the poets open our thoughts to what might have been. Robert Tristram Coffin tells of a calf born in the stable that night and on its face a white cross; another describes a mouse making her nest and bringing forth her young within the reach of Mary's fingers, and of Mary, without fear, saying, "Thou, too?" Eleanor Farjeon explains the soft, lambent light in the eye of the cow as coming from "The ray that was destined for her and for Him."

An unknown poet imagines a wren on her nest in the stable:

*"I would I might strip off," she said,
"Gold feathers from my breast and head,
Enough to warm and shield withal
This comfortless small Babe in stall,
And would my feathers were his bed!"*

In honor of the donkey that carried Mary and Jesus in their flight into Egypt, the old French town of Beauvais instituted a Christmas Festival, called "La Fete de L'Ana" (The Festival of the Donkey.) The central figure of a solemn procession of church dignitaries, choir boys, and young girls, was a donkey, gayly accoutered and bearing on his back a beautiful girl of unblemished character with a baby in her arms. Donkey drivers urged the animal on with a slap and a song that promised much hay if he made haste. The crowd chanted in Latin the "Song of the Donkey," the first verse, translated is:

*"They departed from the Orient
Riding on a donkey,
Beautiful and strong,
Well able to carry a load."*

From the Syrians comes a lovely tale about the "Baby Camel that walked to Jesus." It tells of a camel born the night that the Wise Men first saw the heavenly light. Because there seemed nothing else to do, they took the little fellow along. Decked out just like his mother with richly woven rugs, a tasseled head-dress, and prayer rope around his neck, he trotted along beside her until they

Christmas Story Ordinary Appeal

ie R. Copeland

This is a reproduction of the old English woodcut, mentioned in the text. If you look carefully you will see the angels singing and the animals talking among themselves.



came to the stable in Bethlehem. When the baby camel found that the Wise Men had gone inside, leaving him with the kneeling camels, he bleated piteously. The infant Jesus heard him and raised his tiny hand for the door to be opened and then bestowed on the little camel a smile and a blessing. The Syrian children who have heard the story, place a dish of sweetened water outside the door on Christmas Eve, and those who have been good for a year and a day, find toys and candies next morning, left by the "little camel that walked to Jesus."

According to legends, animals are given speech on Christmas Eve and converse at midnight. Few have heard them, for dire misfortune befalls the person who listens. Not only do they hear bad things about themselves, but death may follow.

An old English woodcut of 1631, now preserved in London, shows animals worshipping the child. The cock crows, "Christus Natus Est" (Christ is born); the raven croaks, "Quando" (When); the crow replies, "Hac Nocte" (This night); the cow moos, "Ubi" (Where); the little lamb bleats, "In Bethlehem," and the angels sing, "Gloria in Excelsis."

In legends, animals fall to their knees at midnight of Christmas Eve, sheep march around the fields in solemn procession, fish come out of the sea, and bees hum all night.

In many lands, effigies of animals are part of Christmas decorations. Polish children put on animal masks and go about singing Christmas songs.

In Estonia, children masquerade as bears, storks, goats, and other creatures.

Animals get special feeding at this time. In Boston, apples and carrots are fed dray horses and hot coffee served their drivers the day before Christmas by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. In Scandinavian countries, an extra feeding of oats is given the cattle early Christmas Eve, and bundles of wheat for the birds are put on the roofs, or fastened to the trees. In Devonshire, England, a spray of holly is placed upon the bee hives. In the homes of Croatian peasants in older times, a carefully groomed pig is brought into the kitchen as the

clock strikes midnight. In front of the fireplace, the people take turns plucking out hairs and throwing them on the fire. This brings good luck. When the pig becomes unmanageable he is taken back to his pen and given a real Christmas meal.

Piggy banks may have originated in Denmark, where children used to go about in the early fall selling coarse brown pottery banks in the shape of pigs. The "Yule pig" was broken at Christmas.

—Mansfield News & Foxboro Times

Editor's Note: And let us not forget "A Visit from St. Nicholas" by Clement C. Moore. What child or adult can ever forget those "eight tiny reindeer" or St. Nick's stirring call:

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!"

Blessing the Pets

By Bernard A. Shepard

AN old-world religious custom dating back thousands of years survives today in the annual blessing of the pets in the Cathedral Garden of St. James' in California's "Valley of the Sun". Many people of all faiths in and around the city of Fresno gather to view the impressive Christian ceremony which honors the varied animals belonging to children of the congregation.

A hundred excited youngsters from the city and from the farm crowded together recently amidst flowers and garden greenery for the "adventures in religion." The pets that gave these boys and girls hours of joy and fun were carried with care to the quiet, unpretentious Cathedral to receive the Lord's blessing from their understanding spiritual leader, the Very Rev. Dean James M. Malloch.

This was a serious occasion and a happy one for the boys and girls whose little pets took the limelight in the Cathedral ceremony. A buoyant, good-will atmosphere seemed even to influence the animals who were brushed

clean and beribboned for the church festivity. There were dogs and cats and bantam chicks. There was a "prize" alligator from Florida and three gaily buzzing bees, well guarded in a roomy bottle filled with greens and a large, pink rose. Several bowls of goldfish, a dozen turtles, and four big snails were on hand. Shy hamsters and lively bull frogs were included also in the wide assortment of children's pets — "their very own." Each was displayed proudly — the poodle, the boxer, the shepherd, the collie, the cocker, for example — each on his or her own best behavior.

A temporary altar had been set up in the rear of the Cathedral, a Tudor-Gothic structure reminiscent of churches in quiet, English country villages. Bursting with pride, but realizing the seriousness of the occasion, children collected their pets for Divine cleansing and Grace. Only an occasional splash from a goldfish bowl and an infrequent bark or "mee-oow" broke the serene atmosphere.

Pets were held tightly on leashes or

snuggled under small arms as the Dean led his "little congregation" in recital of the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed. Some whispered pleas to a few impatient pets to "be still — this is all for you" were hardly audible. The children stood almost motionless as Dean Malloch began: "*Bless, O Lord, these pets that they may serve their purpose as Thy creatures and be a blessing to Thy human Children. . . .*"

"Animals give great service to man" Dean Malloch commented, "and bring much joy and comfort to children. Our annual blessing of the pets, with its deep religious significance, is a reminder that pets belong to the world of Christendom and deserve Christian-like treatment. The occasion is gratifying because children are made more aware of the value of pets and the need for giving them good care. Animals are a blessing to children and to adults and receive seriously the blessing of the Lord."

The blessing of animals is a traditional Christian Ceremony. Pure, simple devotion for God's creatures is perhaps best exemplified in the life of St. Francis of Assisi who regarded no animal as bad, but, rather, deserving of the Lord's good works. St. Francis, in fact, believed that all humans who loved animals received special grace from God.

Bird On Hand Might Unhandy

A BIRD in the hand may be all right. But a bird on a hand — now that can be mighty unhandy.

A church clock in the village of Kingston, England, recently developed a peculiar habit of stopping every day at the same time — 7:50 A.M.

This proved to be quite a mystery, because there wasn't anything wrong with the timepiece.

Then alert villagers made a discovery. Every morning at precisely 7:45 the clock had one of its hands full — too full. A jackdaw living in the church belfry flew down and landed on the clock's minute hand, while it took a bird's eye view of the world.

For the jackdaw it was a handy perch — but he didn't help the hand any. By 7:50 each day he had put the clock out of commission.

—Ida M. Pardue

Curiosities of Nature

WE think of fish as expert swimmers but are annoyed to learn that salmon can climb the rushing, roaring waters of the falls. Some of these falls are ten or twelve feet high. We are likewise surprised to know that some fish can fly.

Giraffes are the tallest of all animals. Some are so tall that they can reach the leaves of the acacia tree, to a height of eighteen feet. Giraffes can go for months without water. Should a giraffe be compelled to graze, however, he can do it only by putting his forelegs in a very awkward position.

The raccoon is a finicky fellow. He never bothers to wash his face and hands before he eats but is careful to wash his food.

The command, "Keep your head up" was never meant for the bat or the sloth as both of these animals sleep with their

heads down. In fact, the sloth travels along the limb of a tree by fastening his claws to the upper part of the limb while his head and body are underneath.

Charles Darwin in his book, "Voyage of the Beagle" tells of finding a tortoise in the Galapagos Islands so large that six men were required to lift it.

The black widow spider has a peculiar and vicious way of treating her mate. Not very long after they have pledged allegiance to each other she not only tires of him but proceeds to devour him. Hence the name black widow.

Yes, nature has some curious ways. We cannot understand how many of nature's curiosities fit into the general scheme of the universe, but we can rest assured that an all wise Creator does not work in vain.

—H. C. Lake

Noah's Ark

Illustration of the Arabian conception of the Ark.



LEST we think that the only allusion to the family of Noah and the story of the Ark might be found in our own Bible, we reproduce the accompanying picture which is a photograph of an Arabian colored drawing found in Fez, Morocco. The original picture is made in a primitive manner and brightly colored, its exact size being twenty by fourteen inches. As you can see it shows Noah's Ark with animals of every kind in it,—the horse, cow, elephant, camel, deer, ostrich, rhinoceros, lion, goat, tiger, perhaps a dog, various birds, but oddly enough, there seems to be no cat. Perhaps he is sleeping among the members of Noah's family.

Around the four sides of the picture

there are printed some parts of the 11th Sura of the Koran (paragraphs 40 to 50). The Koran contains the scriptures of the Mohammedan religion:

"So (Noah) built the Ark; and whenever the chiefs of his people passed by they laughed him to scorn

"Thus was it until our sentence came to pass, and the earth's surface boiled up. It was said: 'Carry into it one pair of every kind of animal, and thy family, except him on whom sentence had before been passed, and those who have believed.' But there believed not with him except a few.

"And he said: 'Embark ye therein. In the name of God be its course and its riding at anchor! Truly, my Lord is right Gracious, Merciful.'

"And the Ark moved on with them amid waves like mountains; and Noah called to his son, for he was apart: 'Embark with us, O my child, and be not with the unbelievers. . . .'

It is interesting as always, to learn of the place animals occupied amid the civilizations of the past and that they were recognized for their usefulness to man and of man's dependence upon them and his duty toward them.

Their watchdog saved famous explorers . . . By Jerry Church

THE Lewis and Clark exploring party were the first white men to cross the Rocky Mountains and go on to the Pacific Ocean. But, had it not been for their watchdog, these two famous leaders would have been trampled to death one night as they slept, and their expedition never completed!

On May 14, 1804, Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark left St. Louis to explore the vast territory that the United States had obtained from Napoleon by the Louisiana Purchase. Altogether, there were thirty-six people and one watchdog in the party. They started up the Missouri River in one boat thirty-five feet in length and two smaller ones.

Lewis and Clark planned to ascend

the Missouri River to its source, then across over the Rocky Mountains afoot and with horses. They hoped to find the headwaters of the Columbia River, down which they would travel to the Pacific Ocean.

One night, far beyond the last trading post, the exploring party pitched camp near the riverbank, doing their best to make themselves safe from marauding Indians and grizzly bears. It never occurred to them that there was any danger that a buffalo would attack them!

But, that was just what happened. A single buffalo, roaming nearby saw the campfire. This big buffalo did not like the campfire and, when he came closer, he liked the tent in which Lewis and

Clark were sleeping still less. So, like an express train, he charged right at it!

It looked as if Lewis and Clark, who were asleep, would be trampled to death before they could even stir. And they surely would have been, had it not been for their watchdog.

The little pet animal saw the buffalo coming and started yapping and barking as loud as he could. He made such a fuss that he attracted the charging beast's attention, and he veered aside at the last minute. The camp was aroused and the buffalo driven off.

The huge buffalo missed Lewis and Clark by inches. Their watchdog made it possible for one of the greatest exploring journeys in history to continue!



Shipment of Farm Animals

By John C. Macfarlane, Director Livestock Loss Prevention

IN October a most productive meeting was held at the office of Dr. William Shannon, State Veterinarian, and William Casey, Director of Livestock Disease Control. Louis A. Webster, Director of Markets, also attended the session. The writer was accompanied by Thomas F. McDermott who represented the Livestock interests of the Animal Rescue League.

The principal topic discussed was the advisability of adopting recommendations concerning the shipment of farm animals within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The suggestion, submitted by us, met with the full approval of all three men and Mr. A. Webster suggested that the recommendations be printed on the back of the regular release issued by the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture over the name of Louis A. Webster, Director of Markets.

It is hoped, by all of us, that if these recommendations are adopted, livestock losses and subsequent inhumane handling practices will at least be reduced.

Our records indicate that eighty per cent of the truckers within the Commonwealth are careful livestock handlers.

It is the twenty per cent remaining who need encouragement to better their present methods. Mr. McDermott and I have met with hundreds of truckers throughout New England and they are the first to admit that there are among them some very careless and hard-handed individuals, who go out of their way to abuse the animals in their care.

The suggested recommendations follow:

No. 1 — Whenever cattle, hogs, calves and sheep, or any two of such kind of livestock are carried on a motor vehicle at the same time, each of said kinds of stock shall be partitioned off from the other kind or kinds; except that veal calves and sheep may be carried in the same compartment. In addition to the above, large hogs shall be partitioned off from pigs. Bulls and horned or unruly cattle shall be securely tied or partitioned from other cattle in the vehicle. Whenever the animals carried in a vehicle do not reasonably fill the available space, partitions shall be used to confine said animals to a space wherein they can be comfortably carried without jostling or falling. No inert freight, spare tires or other articles not used in the handling of livestock shall be carried

in a compartment which also contains livestock. As far as practicable, all racks and partitions shall be free from projections which may bruise or otherwise injure the animals carried.

No. 2 — Whenever an upper deck is used in the transportation of livestock, the underside of said deck shall at all times clear animals standing on said floor. Cleated inclines or ramps must be provided for the loading and unloading of upper decks of vehicles.

No. 3 — Floors of vehicles carrying livestock must be cleated or padded sufficiently to prevent slipping. Such bedding shall consist of straw, sand, fine gravel or sawdust or other practical material.

No. 4 — During the period from June 15th to September 15th of each year, livestock shall be covered in such manner as to protect the same from the sun; and during the period from November 1 to March 31, livestock shall be covered and otherwise sheltered in such manner as to protect it from freezing or inclement weather conditions.

Dog In Bear Trap

A VALUABLE cocker spaniel, missing for a week, returned home with a 15-inch double-spring bear trap, with $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch teeth on the jaws, attached to its left hind foot. The leg was so badly damaged that it was necessary to amputate. Under the circumstances, the owner felt that it was best to have the animal put to sleep to avoid further suffering.

Our agent, and the Chief of Police, are checking all persons known to have trapping licenses, and will keep a watch to see that further traps are not set and neglected.



Bear trap in which dog was caught.

A Good Teacher Imparts Humane Ideals

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

HUMANE education is concerned with all the relationships of man with man and with the lower animals. The able teacher, disciplined and experienced in life's ways, realizes its need and its ideals and makes it part of his teaching.

One of the effective ways that our Society has been contributing to the broad conception of humane education is in improving children's attitudes and understandings in their relationships with pets and other animals. This is particularly evidenced by the demand for our material and suggestions by an increasing number of teachers throughout the country.

Mrs. Mabel E. Nolan, a teacher in the second grade of Public School 113 of the city of New York wrote to us about a unit on kindness to animals. Recently she sent us a report of what was done to give her pupils an opportunity to develop their abilities and interests and to realize the objectives of kindness. Let us remind ourselves again that humane education is not a separate subject, but its principles and applications can become a part and extension of most subjects of the curricula.

So it was that after an animal story was read to the children, Mrs. Nolan's humane feelings and interpretation opened a world of new adventures. It was decided to take a census of all their pets, listing the number and different kinds. Day by day, a little at a time, even these young children learned the essentials of feeding, housing, and grooming of their different pets. It became so exciting and enjoyable that these eager children brought to school pictures from magazines to make an attractive display. These pictures served to emphasize some of their learnings and introduced many unfamiliar animals of their own environment. They learned that kindness and consideration are beneficial to the well-being of their pets. Birds, besides being pleasant creatures of color and song, it was discovered, have other useful values. Excursions nearby were made to see and identify birds and other wild life, and the need for providing food in winter

became apparent. The skeptical child who asked, "What good are owls and skunks?" opened the door to an introduction to the balance of nature.

Before the Easter vacation Mrs. Nolan's suggestion for a program to be presented before the entire school was enthusiastically adopted. The children helped in many ways, painting scenery and animal pictures and collecting properties and costumes. At last came the day, as parents, teachers, and pupils greeted Mrs. Nolan with a round of applause, as she outlined what had been done during the year in enriching the lives of her pupils. With the parting of the curtains a simulated television broadcast with selected pupils was in progress from Station BARK. A "panel of experts" with their pets conducted a quiz program so naturally and well on the care, feeding, and training of pets that it would have been a natural for any station to have sponsored.

The next act presented one of the pupils dressed as a nurse, who recited some verse regarding Florence Nightingale. One boy impersonated St. Francis of Assisi and his love for the creatures of the wild, whom he called his little

brothers and sisters. Then followed a short play about a kitten that had been left behind, as a family closed its home and went away for the summer.

Following the play, there was a plea by selected children to the audience to treat their animal friends with kindness and consideration and never to buy live chicks or rabbits for Easter gifts. The program concluded with several animal songs, after which the audience was invited to see scrap books, picture collections, and the children's pets, both toy and real.

It becomes evident, therefore, that a teacher with a humane outlook, whether it concerns itself with politics, economics, or animals, can stimulate the minds of young people toward right attitudes. Having a sympathy for others and a concern for their welfare, as Mrs. Nolan has said, is one of the first steps in character building.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:15 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



Mrs. Mabel E. Nolan, teacher, with some of the participants in the program; Mario Guilliano, Peter Leggieri, Philip Ortiz, Barbara Ann Costa, Angela D'Alessandro, Mary Lou Del Casale, Elvira D'Angelli and Joann Spaccarelli.



"Oh, what a wonderful Christmas present!"

Bird Subtraction

By Laura Alice Boyd

1. Subtract O from a yellow bird, get a river in France.
2. Subtract B from a bird with a red breast, get a common metal.
3. Subtract T from a swift, long-legged bird, get church singers.
4. Subtract W from a graceful bird, get a word that means permits.
5. Subtract P from a common bird, get an Indian's weapons.
6. Subtract A from the king of birds, get happiness.
7. Subtract P, add E to an Antarctic bird, get real.
8. Subtract R from a thin, swift bird, get to be ill.

Note: Change the order of the letters if necessary.

Answer: 1. oriole—Loire; 2. robin—iron; 3. ostrich—choirs; 4. swallow — allows; 5. sparrow — arrows; 6. eagle — glee; 7. Penguin — genuine; 8. rail — ail.

Where Animals Share Christmas

By Ida M. Pardue

PERHAPS you put your pet dog's name on your Christmas gift list — or buy "Kitten Little" a rubber mouse. But what about the horses and cows on Grandpa's farm? Or the birds? Do they get in on the Christmas fun too?

Helping the animals to share Christmas is a big part of the Yuletide in some lands.

Danish children look forward to fixing holiday snacks for the birds, as much as others look forward to hanging stockings. On the big night the youngsters climb to their housetops, or onto high fences, to spread a feast of oats, rye or other grain where the birds can reach it easily. The barnyard animals aren't forgotten, either. The cows and horses are well brushed, made comfortable, and then fed an extra meal — their own Christmas feast. The rule of double rations for farm animals prevails throughout most of Scandinavia, where the people believe that all living things should share in the celebration of Christ's birth.

In Sweden you can see pieces of suet tied to tree branches for the birds. The Swiss and Montenegrins feed the birds too. Polish farm animals get a special meal on Christmas Eve. The Czechs and Ukrainians take what is left from their own Christmas dinner, and divide it among the stock animals — and even the bees!

Where old ways are still followed in parts of England, villagers always decorate bee hives with holly at Christmas time.

These customs are an outgrowth of old legends. Because of the part that animals played in Christ's birth, they are remembered on Christmas, by many.

Christmas morn, the legends say,
Even the cattle kneel to pray,
Even the beasts of wood and field
Homage to Christ the Savior yield.

—Denis A. McCarthy, LL.D.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"It's Hard to Be a Puppy"

By Ruby Zagoren

WE called him "Uncle Wiggly" because he wiggled his four-months-old self in all directions when we were introduced. And he still does wiggle all over when he's happy, this enormous puppy of indefinite German shepherd and collie characteristics.

That first day when he entered our household was a trying one. The cats spat at him, humped their backs righteously, and slapped him with claw-equipped paws. He cried a sharp little cry. The pet crow had never seen a dog before and in its terror, he pecked the dog on its sensitive nose. "Pam," the little kid goat, tried to show Uncle Wiggly she was there first by rearing up on hind legs and bucking her delicate little head. Uncle Wiggly responded by barking, which made her even more panicky. Somehow Wig managed to keep a hair's breadth away from her horns.

All this led me to think how hard it is to be a puppy. The humans greeted him enthusiastically, but not the other creatures, who didn't want any intruders in their happy home life. And even the humans lost much of their patience when Uncle Wiggly chased the chickens till they took refuge in their coop; when Uncle Wiggly chewed up a brand new slipper; crawled in bed every chance he found; tripped guests and wiggled everything and everyone off balance.

And then there was the night that Uncle Wiggly met a skunk in the backyard and thought the skunk just another cat. Uncle Wiggly barked and leaped from side to side playfully. He was watching out for claws, but it was something more potent than claws that caught him and cast him among the untouchables for ten full days.

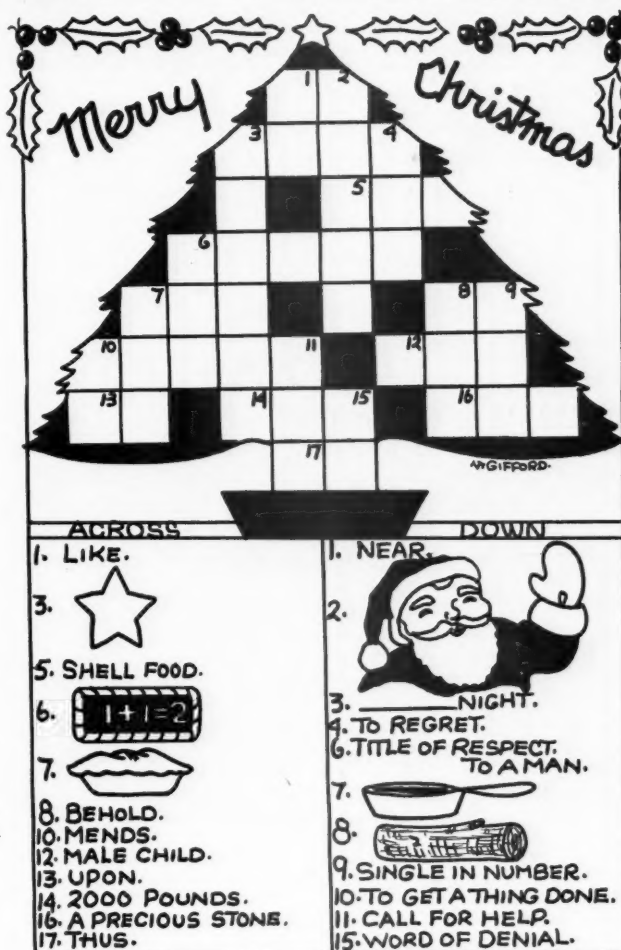
Despite his big feet and wiggly clumsiness, Uncle Wiggly was slowly accepted by the household. One of the cats was found washing his head. The crow, on occasion, lands on his back. The goat no longer tries to buck him and they eat together. Of course, the humans were not altogether impervious to those expressive brown eyes.

Uncle Wiggly is now a member of the household. He sleeps in a plush armchair outside my bedroom door. He curls up on the davenport in the living room when he's in the mood. He even ate a pie crust and got away with it.

Meanwhile all of us are remembering again what being a puppy means. The last dog we had was old; we had him more than eleven years, and we had forgotten what puppies are like; Uncle Wiggly is teaching us to remember. He takes a piece of bread out of the goat's mouth; nuzzles the cat with his long nose; his ears turn inside out and flip about; he sits watching us eat with reproachful eyes; he leaps upon us for the joy of seeing us. He is probably no different than a million other puppies; but we had forgotten what a puppy was like.

Answer to November Puzzle: ACROSS — 1. Ax, 3. Go, 4. Nor, 7. Thanks, 8. Pie, 10. Turkey, 13 Set. DOWN — 1. Aunt, 2. So, 3. Grapes, 5. Oh, 6. Ask, 8. P. S., 9. etc., 11. Rye, 12. Yes.

December 1950



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

To Animals and Birds

By Marie Z. Jelliffe

This Christmas time I share with you,
My crumbs of bread and suet too.
These cranberries of crimson hue,
And apples kissed by frost and dew,
The rich sweet nuts you have not found,
The Christmas berries trailing round
Each rising bush in southern lands.
Dear little friends, my eager hands
Have trimmed for you a Christmas tree,
Come, feast in song and fun with me.

INFORMATION WANTED:

Specific data concerning parrots which have been injuriously exposed to paint or other chemical fumes.

Proved facts concerning length of life of captive parrots.

WANTED

A limited number of unwanted parrots, parrakeets, cockatoos, macaws or love birds for observation in connection with a study of parrot disease.

Please address all correspondence to:

Dr. David L. Coffin, Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

180 Longwood Avenue

Boston, Massachusetts



Veterinary staff and interns of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. (Left to right — back row): Drs. C. L. Blakely, W. A. Wilcox, D. T. Albrecht, A. T. Christiansen, P. E. Olsen, H. J. Deutsch, D. W. Ashcraft, D. H. Clifford, D. L. Coffin, M. Rothman, R. H. Schneider, H. H. Furumoto. (Front Row): Drs. J. Holzworth, G. B. Schnelle, E. F. Schroeder, and E. A. Fortune. Dr. T. O. Munson was on vacation when the picture was taken.

It's a Dog's Life In the Classified Ads

By Roderick Wilkinson

HUMAN beings usually begin their lives importantly announced by a small classified advertisement, and end it the same way.

Dogs are not quite so fortunate. They start their lives with an advertisement such as this one which appeared in a Friona (Texas) newspaper:

"WANTED: A home for a three-months-old puppy, housebroke except when very happy."

Thereafter it is usually a dog's life in every sense, as far as advertising is concerned. Poor animals! The classified columns show almost daily examples of how dogs are mishandled in print as, for instance, in this advertisement which appeared recently:

For Sale: Two puppies. Prize winning parents—both males."

Or in this one from the Personal Column of *The Times*, (London):

"What about a Boxer? Guard, companion or nursemaid."

Advertising history is dotted with these curious little doggy notices which pop up every year or so. Here is one which appeared as long ago as the mid-nineteenth century:

"WANTED—an accomplished poodle nurse. Wages one pound per week."

And another one from the pages of bygone days is:

"Ten shillings reward. Lost by a gentleman, a white terrier dog, except the head which is black."

Then there was the Torquay Hotel notice which said that, "Guest dogs will be charged for according to their social standing."

However much of a boon advertising may be to humans, it certainly plays tricks with our pets.

Fine Cooperation

WE are most grateful to our friends for the generous response accorded our request for newspapers, for use in our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. We have now received so many papers that all available storage space is taken for the present; sufficient to meet our needs for some time.



"Yes, We Said WIRTHMORE"

— these Great Danes all agree! "It is the only dog food they never tire of," says their owner. Their basic diet is WIRTHMORE meal and water, plus leftovers, vegetables, and horse meat. Between meals they get WIRTHMORE pellets. WIRTHMORE gives them needed vitamins, minerals, and A.P.F., the recently developed factor found to be so important in a dog's diet. In addition, WIRTHMORE DOG FOOD is economical. Used steadily, it will help your dog to be healthy and happy, and will save you money, too.

Buy WIRTHMORE DOG FOOD at any Wirthmore Feeds Store. Ask the dealer for our Dog Booklet containing suggestions on care and feeding, or write
WIRTHMORE DOG FOOD
177 Milk Street
Boston 9. Mass.

Wirthmore Dog Food is "Better than Ever"
Buy it today from your local Wirthmore Feed Dealer.
Try Wirthmore on your Dogs—See how they go for it.
Buy Wirthmore Dog Meal and Pellets from
S. S. Pierce Co.'s 7 Stores in Greater Boston.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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